

his own exertions, and pursued his course throughout with a stern independence of mind.

Though fond of the arts and well known to the artists, he never enrolled himself as a member of any of the societies connected with architecture or the arts. He placed himself, notwithstanding, in a good position in the profession, and on a late occasion, when the Board of Metropolitan Sewers was remodelled, he was appointed one of the commissioners.

Private friendship incites us to proceed further, but enough has been said to indicate the sources of success in an architectural career.

THE TEMPLES AND ROSES OF PÆSTUM.

NOTES OF A LADY'S VISIT.

You wished to have some particulars of our excursion to Pæstum, but before giving you them, I must warn you to arm yourself with all your patience, for I intend to be minute in my descriptions.

To commence, then, at the beginning: We left Naples in the afternoon of the 29th of October, proceeding to Nocera by railway: it extends no farther, but its sudden termination is not much to be regretted, for the distance from Naples—which is only 13 miles—occupies an hour and a half, exclusive of detentions at starting and on arriving. The hedges of China roses in full bloom, which bordered the railroad, looked fresh and lovely, but somehow their beauty only made me the more melancholy from the contrast it presented to the hideousness of the marvellous masses of lava through which the line is, for some distance, cut. It is quite depressing to think of the desolation that has been everywhere produced by such overwhelming floods of fire. These beds of lava still serve, as they have done for centuries, in the stead of stone quarries. Arrived at Nocera, all the passengers and the luggage of the train just arrived, and of that about to depart, have to struggle through one only gateway, mingled with loathsome beggars and revolting cripples; and if you shrink on one side to avoid contact with these distressingly unclean objects, it is at the certain peril of your head from the close proximity of a luggage-laden porter.

At last a carriage was procured to convey us to Salerno, a distance of about nine miles, and a drive of from an hour and a half to two hours. The road must be very romantic and pretty, from the occasional glimpses we had of it through the windows of the carriage; but the rain unfortunately compelled us to shut both itself and the view out at the same time. At Salerno, during the evening, we fortified our courage by reading the *Strangers' Book* of the Hotel Vittoria, which is half filled with accounts of the robberies committed on travellers to Pæstum: one party especially stated they had been met by fourteen armed men, who took from them seven gold watches, and all the money they had with them. On inquiring of the landlord the truth of these accounts, he admitted such had actually been the case, but added, "that was during the Constitution, and there is now, I assure you, nothing to fear." If required, the landlord will accompany any party to Pæstum, and the testimony of ladies to his kindness and attention on such occasions is most eloquent.

During the night the rain continued to descend in torrents, but, though proceeding on our journey seemed hopeless, we nevertheless rose at four o'clock, for we wished to start at five, so as, if possible, to return to Naples the same evening. However, it was deemed prudent to await the daylight, so we left the hotel only a little before seven, with a good luncheon prepared for us by our invaluable courier, he and the driver in front of the carriage, and a nice active lad as a sort of footman, who packed himself away behind, underneath, or somewhere, but where I never could make out; I only knew that in any emergency, such as the horses kicking over the traces, the harness breaking, &c. &c. he was always at hand, and always most efficient and most good-tempered. This is the Neapolitan method of learning the business of coachman, and not until a young man has attended a car-

riage in this manner for four years is he allowed to turn driver. Twice during the journey we came to a halt to hold a council as to the propriety of relinquishing the expedition, for danger began to be talked of from the roads being so bad, and from a certain river, the Sele, which is four miles from Pæstum, being impassable after heavy rains; but each time the casting vote was given to, or was appropriated by, the lady of the party and—on we went. Every passenger, and especially every thing on wheels, that we met, was stopped with the anxious inquiry, "Is the Sele open?" and the answer was always, "It is still, but make haste, for in two hours you will not be able to come back." The alternative was, we knew, sleeping in the midst of malaria, and in a horrible little wayside inn, which we afterwards found was too dirty even to lunch in; but nevertheless, on we went. When we reached this redoubtable torrent we had to descend from the carriage, which was wheeled down an inclined plane of mud three or four inches thick (and through which we had to wade on foot) into an equally muddy barge, which is towed across by means of a fixed rope. The great danger in stormy weather arises not only from the strength of the stream, but also from the large trees and masses of earth which are whirled along by the torrent, and which, if the rope broke, would hurry barge, carriage, mud and all along with them into the sea. While the carriage was being wheeled up again on to the road on the opposite side we took refuge from the pitiless rain in the bargeman's hut, and when he came in, seeing the condition of our mud-begrimed shoes, he immediately took his handkerchief from his pocket, and with it wiped them tolerably dry and clean. An Italian always carries a handkerchief, whatever else he may lack.

We proceeded on our journey, and as we neared the Temples purposely avoided looking out for them, in order that they might burst suddenly upon us in all their magnificent proportions, and their solitary grandeur. Just as we alighted from the carriage, the rain ceased, and the sun shone brightly forth, as if to add a new charm to this interesting spot.

The Temples stand at a little distance from the road on the right hand side, and on a grassy and wild-thyme-perfumed plain: they are all three within a few yards of each other. Idle boys are kept off by a rough railing, in which is a locked up gate; but, in spite of this wise precaution on the part of the king of Naples, the custodian himself is the great marauder, for he deliberately broke off a large piece of the beautiful sharp flute of a column, and brought it to us, saying, "Every visitor likes to take home a piece of the stone;" the offer was indignantly rejected, but on being sharply remonstrated with for committing such wanton destruction, he only laughed aloud at the absurdity of the idea.

I have heard, or read, somewhere, that Augustus was taken when a youth to Pæstum, to see these even-then-considered marvellous erections. I fancied it was in Gibbon, but I have consulted him in vain.

In the tenth century the Saracens invaded this part of the country, and formed a settlement in the neighbourhood of Pæstum, where they long resisted all the efforts of the Dukes of Beneventum and the Greeks to expel them. This was the period in which they devastated Beneventum, Bari, Matera, and other towns; and it seems that Pæstum was ruined about the same time. In the following century, after the expulsion of the Saracens, King Roger the Norman ransacked the Temples and other buildings of their marble and ornaments, to adorn the cathedral which he raised at Salerno. During the middle ages the remains of Pæstum lay unnoticed, but not unknown, for the Temples are conspicuous objects from almost every part of the Gulf of Salerno; but the country had become unwholesome, and was also infested by outlaws, and therefore strangers did not venture into it. When Don Carlos Bourbon conquered Naples, towards the middle of the last century, and became the resident sovereign, he revived the taste for the arts and antiquities. In 1758 Winkel-

man visited Pæstum; and in 1767 appeared in London the first description of Pæstum.

The Temples are now almost the sole evidence of the opulence of *Possidonis* or Pæstum. They are three in number, and two of them are in tolerably perfect preservation. According to Paoli, the architecture is to be considered rather as Etruscan than Grecian; yet, whatever may be the country of the architects, there is no disputing that the buildings themselves essentially belong to the Doric style.

In the great temple, called the Temple of Neptune, the height of the column with the capital is said to be 29 feet 10 inches; the lower diameter, 7 feet; the upper, 4 feet 9 inches.

The first temple visited by us, and the smallest, is called the Temple of Ceres: the columns are all standing, thirteen on each side, and six at each end: they are about 20 feet high and 4 in diameter, and rest on the lowest of three steps. Above the columns is an entablature, and over this rises the pediment, perfect at one end, but at the other only a fragment, and that rebuilt just to preserve the general effect.

The Temple of Neptune has fourteen columns on each side, and six at each end: they are not so suddenly tapered as those of Ceres, and have a much more pleasing appearance: in other respects they are similar, excepting that they are placed on the highest instead of the lowest of the three steps. In the interior is a second inclosure of columns, above which is part of a row of smaller ones, and at each end is a vestibule formed by two enormous square pillars, and the two end columns of the inner row.

Near this is the Basilica, which has on each side eighteen, and at each end nine columns. The interior is divided into two equal parts, by a row of similar columns down the centre.

The stone of which the Temple of Neptune is built is darker in colour than that of the Basilica and of Ceres, but it all presents the same peculiar species of decay as if it had been eaten out by insects: it looks, indeed, very much like the dried mud from Terni. The Neptune Temple is in colour exactly like freshly cut cork, and at a distance it might be fancied a gigantic model of this material.

Part of the wall of the town is still very sharp and perfect: there is a Porta, too, which we did not see, for the grass was so terribly wet with the rain. Of the amphitheatre I believe nothing now remains but traces of its form, and curious vaults.

In fine weather visitors take their luncheon in one of the temples, but we were obliged to have ours in the carriage while the horses were resting: the horrible little inn was far too dirty, too beset with beggars, and too filled with tobacco smoke to render the idea of eating there endurable. We afterwards amused ourselves with feeding three hungry and famished-looking dogs, and the eagerness with which they swallowed the fare we bestowed, made us imagine that Salerno viands were—and perhaps even food at all was—a rarity at Pæstum. We were scarcely again en route before the rain once more descended, and it most pertinaciously accompanied us all the way back to Salerno, where we arrived about six o'clock, and returned the next morning to Naples. The time occupied by us was, in all, two days, and in actual travelling, nineteen hours. The distance from Naples to Pæstum is 102 Italian miles.

Thus terminated our journey to Pæstum, an excursion to which I had always looked forward with vague dreamy longing, since the school-days in which I used to read of the exquisite Pæstum roses, still freshly blooming amidst ruined temples and prostrate columns. Unfortunately it was too late in the year for my floral anticipations to be realized, but the sublimely grand erections which stood before us, more than compensated for the absence of lesser, if sweeter, beauties.

No doubt if I had waited until a few more of the interesting "Letters to Sorillah," had appeared in your journal, I could have sent you a more correct description of these stupendous temples, but as these letters are